

The London Zoo

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THE JAGUAR.



MALE SIBERIAN TIGER



SULTAN



TWO PLAYFUL POLAR BEARS



THE HORNBILL

The London Zoological gardens differ in two respects from the vast majority of similar institutions in Europe and America, and these differences have much to do with their past history and future development. In the first place, the Zoological society of London, which created and maintains the gardens, enjoys no subsidy from the state or the municipality. It pays rent for its ground, and rates and taxes; it has to support the vast expenses of its scientific work, of the erection and maintenance of buildings, of the necessary staff, commissariat, advertising, and cost and carriage of animals, except in those fortunate cases where animals are presented and delivered free.

Its revenue is derived from receipts at the gates, from occasional sales, from publications, and from the subscriptions of Fellows. The financial burden is great, and every innovation has to be considered most anxiously in the light of its possible bearing on income and expenditure.

The second determining peculiarity is that the Zoological society of London is a scientific society. According to the charter of incorporation, granted to it in 1829 by King George IV., its objects were the "advancement of zoology and animal physiology, and the introduction of new and curious subjects of the animal kingdom." To maintain an exhibition attractive to the public it would probably be unnecessary to go beyond some 400 or 500 different kinds of mammals, birds and reptiles, and not one visitor in a thousand would realize that such a collection was very poor. The Zoological society, to fulfill its functions, has to range the globe for animals that are new and curious; and since its foundation it has been able to exhibit about 900 different species of mammals, 2,000 different species of birds, and 600 of reptiles, while every year is adding to these numbers. No other collection of living animals can even approach these numbers. So great and varied a set of animals has always offered, a large field for scientific work.

When the zoo was first opened in Regent's park, it was very much smaller in area, and the individual dens and inclosures for its inhabitants were designed on a small scale. The tradition of the traveling menagerie reigned supreme; and structures such as the Carnivora terrace, in which the bears are still housed, resembled nothing so much as a set of menagerie vans arranged in a double row. It is certainly surprising how even large animals will maintain health and spirits in very narrow quarters; and there is the advantage to visitors that it is possible to approach them more closely, and to some extent see them better than when they are placed in more natural conditions. The authorities of the society, especially in recent years, have taken the view that the study of animals as specimens is best done on stuffed examples in museums, and that a living collection should be arranged, so far as possible, in such a way as to display the natural habits and capacities of the living creatures. And so, as space and funds have permitted, larger inclosures have been formed.

I may mention some of the more interesting of these. A great, undulating space has been turned into a semblance of the South African deserts, provided with rockwork and covered with yellow sand and shingle. In this, the largest of the antelopes, a number of small antelopes, ostriches and occasionally zebras are allowed to roam. The old sea lions' pond, a kind of concrete basin, has been replaced by a large pond with rocky islands, dominated by a bold mass of shelving rocks, in which caves form natural shelters, and from the ledges of which the sea lions dive in pursuit of fish.

A beginnig is being made with the

provision of open air inclosures for monkeys; and it has been found already, in the case of the harder kinds, that there is a great diminution in colds and chest complaints, while the fur becomes thicker and finer.

Still greater freedom has been given to some other creatures. A colony of gray squirrels was established in an inclosure consisting of an unclimbable fence surrounding some trees, and after these had settled down they were allowed to range in perfect freedom over the gardens. Many of them have wandered into Regent's park and to neighboring gardens, but a number have settled in the zoo, and freely take food from visitors, while some have bred in a hollow tree.

It is easy to win the confidence of these and of many small animals, such as monkeys and leopards. With a little patience they may be induced to run over one, and to sit on one's arm or shoulder, but it is necessary to allow such animals to grasp you, and not to try to grasp or stroke them. Put out your arm to even a strange monkey and most probably it will seize hold of you and permit you to carry it about. Reverse the process, and try to seize it, and it will dart away or bite. With the small carnivora, on the other hand, you can seize hold of them firmly. No doubt, the difference is due to the fact that the maternal lion or tiger, cat or dog, is accustomed to carry its young in its mouth, while in most other cases the young cling to the mother.

Some Australian bronze-winged pigeons and some common kites have been similarly gradually accustomed to complete freedom. The experiment appears likely to succeed in the case of the pigeons, and several pairs have bred. In former times kites were extremely numerous in London, and were of service as scavengers. Those liberated at the zoo, however, had to be caught again. As they circled over the gardens they caused almost a panic of terror in the case of some of the smaller birds in exposed cages. Other strikingly successful novelties are a large aviary for water-birds, in which avocets, plovers, curlews, and oyster-catchers live under natural conditions, and a large aviary where cockatoos, macaws, and parakeets are able to exhibit their graceful flight.

The London zoo differs from many collections of animals, in that visitors are allowed to feed the animals. In some cases it is necessary to forbid it entirely, and in other cases a certain amount of harm is done, rarely by folly or malice, usually by ignorance; but on the whole I think there is an advantage in our arrangements. It is much more interesting to visitors; and the constant possibility of being fed keeps the animals on the alert, and helps to prevent moping.

The Zoological society has always been most successful when it has been able to bring home a fairly large collection in a steamer, with special arrangements, in care of special keepers. The success of the Indian collection presented two years ago by the prince of Wales was so great that the society is arranging to have a similar exhibition of the fauna of some different part of the British empire every alternate year. In the summer of this year, Australia, New Zealand, and New Guinea are to display their animal treasures on the prince of Wales' ground at the gardens.

The complete collection will arrive in England early in June. It is the intention of the society to have a Canadian exhibition in 1910, one from Uganda or East Africa in 1912, and so forth. It is the object of those who guide its destinies that the London zoo should be truly representative of the empire, and that by deserving the increasing support of the public the society should be able to maintain its gardens as a great center of popular instruction and amusement, and its scientific side as an increasing force in the advancement of knowledge.

FOX'S FREE LAUNDRY

By HARRY IRVINE GREENE

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Fox hired the place because he is a crank. He is entirely unlike the common herd that eat by rule, swear by note and sleep just because the sun does. For breakfast he always has soup and ice cream, for his lunch nuts, for dinner eggs on toast and breakfast food. When he awakes he does not yell out the old standard for mola for profanity, but instead speaks gently, beseechingly and originally, so that those who hear his voice and not his words think he is blessing them. As for sleeping simply because it is night, he considers that merely a fad. He always gets to bed at eight o'clock in the morning, rises at six in the evening, and says he feels better for it.

But about the house. It had once been a vain place, with four lightning rods, a kennel, a summer-kitchen and a laundry, but the kennel had gone to the dogs, and the rods were eaten to the core with hungry rust, and the kitchen and laundry had been boarded up and padlocked so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

The outside walls were blistered by the sun, the gate squealed if one even looked at it, and the lawn badly needed a hair-cut. But Fox liked the place all the better for those reasons, and when his furniture came he put the cook stove in the parlor, the organ in the bathroom, and fixed for himself a cozy chamber in the kitchen. Then he was ready to begin housekeeping.

He rose promptly at six o'clock in the evening of the second day, ate his breakfast, and, taking a chair, went out and propped it against the laundry to superintend the raising of the moon. This function called for the accompaniment of a quiet smoke, and drawing a cigar from his pocket and lighting the butt, Fox placed the other end in his mouth and began to enjoy it. You probably have no idea, he says, how much better a cigar tastes when smoked in that manner. While he was wondering why people will insist upon burning them the other way, the moon—round, yellow, and looking like the bottom of a burnished copper kettle—arose and started west as fast as she could go. Fox sat watching her until she got over his head and he was left in the shadow of the building and then—a very unusual thing for him at that hour—he grew drowsy.

When he awoke he knew it was late, but no more. The moon and stars had vanished, and it was as black as the wing of a crow.

He sat peering about, that nothing might escape his eyes, and with his ears set to catch the slightest noise, when of a sudden from behind him and inside the laundry came most entrancing sounds! First, there was a series of low whistles, like a snake crawling across leaves, and after that a long, soul-felt, quivering sigh. Deeply interested at once, he pressed his ear against the clapboards and listened with dilated eyes to the sounds that came from within. For a time all was silence; then they came again, and with them a moaning and groaning, a clank and a rattle, the low soft-filling of feet, whispers, gibberish—another sigh.

All night long he sat there listening—listening to those uncanny sounds within, and the sobbing wind and slatting sheets of rain without. Then, just before the sun sat up in bed and thrust one red eye above the rim of the world, the clouds dried their eyes, and the wind died with a gasp, and within the room was nothing but a throbbing silence. At this Fox threw open the door and by the morning light scanned the room anew.

Chairs, tubs, boiler and wringer were undisturbed, and he could discover nothing that he had not noticed before, except that the walls had been covered with an oxide of chrome yellow, evidently intended to be but an undercoating, yet which, for some reason, had never received a covering.

Much perplexed by the mystery, but fully determined to meet his suffering tenant face to face, Fox went for an electrician, who put a big arc light in the center of the ceiling and a push-button on the wall. Then, when night again settled over the world with broad pinions spread, he took his chair into the room and patiently sat the night through, hearing not so much as the echo of a groan to cheer him. And for the four succeeding nights he sat in similar unhappiness, but on the fifth—just one week from the first occurrence, a Monday—the ghost came again, and for an hour they groaned and sobbed in unseen comradeship. Then, just at one o'clock—as a rooster crew, a cat squalled, the toads croaked, and the clanking reached its height—Fox, feeling a hang-dog shame at his treachery, pushed the button and the room was instantly a-dazzle with light. Eagerly he swept his gaze around.

Agile as the electric current was, the ghost was quicker. Already it had vanished, riding upon the last departing shadow, but as Fox had been careful to lock the door, and the windows were boarded up, great was his wonder as to where it had gone. Scarcely believing his eyes, he went around and around the room, peering beneath the tubs, looking into every crack, feeling in his pockets; but, although more than once he thought he heard the scuff of soft feet, no other trace of a visitor could he detect by eyes, ears or nose. At last, realizing that

he was thoroughly outspooked, he turned off the light and went out, locking the door after him.

The next morning Fox visited his friend Hume, who is a scientist, a hypnotist, a spiritualist, and an egotist. Hume listened patiently, while a soul-maddening smile of self-sufficiency came creeping out of the corners of his mouth and spread until his face was thickly plastered with it, and Fox felt that he would gladly pay all his friend's funeral expenses for the exhilarating joy of attending it. Then, by a chain of promises, he led him to the laundry, where Hume looked about, made Fox repeat some of the gibberish he had heard, and then coolly asked him if he wished to see the gibberer. When asked what he thought he was hired for, he merely smirked, and said that nothing would be easier for a person of some intelligence to arrange. At that he sent for a whitewasher, who soon came and made the yellow walls as white as apothecary linen, after which the medium pacted Fox on the head patronizingly and, saying that he would come again on the following Monday night, went away, leaving Fox looking for stones to throw.

All the rest of that week Fox kept midnight vigil in vain—sighing, groaning, clanking bits of iron, using all his coaxing wiles—desperate because he could not conjure forth a response, and so forestall the spiritualist, whom he silently called an idiot, and had always secretly despised. On Monday evening he came, serene and exasperating, and promptly at midnight the sounds began. Scarcely had the first clank come to their ears when the medium was upon his feet.

"I thought so," said he, coolly. "It is really the simplest case I ever had." And with that he turned on the light.

Wild with rage at his insulting tones, Fox looked about, rubbing his eyes and blinking like a bat that flies into a lighted parlor. For a few seconds he saw nothing, and was about to shriek at Hume in triumph and scorn, when his gaze fell upon the farthest corner, and he stood transfixed, staring with a mouth into which one might have thrust a plum. For in the corner cowered a dimly visible form, clothed in a misty chrome yellow garment that covered it to its sandaled feet and left no portion of its body exposed except its long, transparent, yellow hands. Then the medium turned out the light. "Come, boy," said he, and he took the arm of Fox, who in a stupor allowed himself to be led away.

"Well," said he, bitterly, about an hour afterward, "somehow, in some way, it seems, you have happened to blunder upon a means of expelling him. I had a better plan myself, but out of courtesy let you try first and, of course, bull-head luck and ignorance came running to your aid, as usual. But what was your silly theory, anyway?"

Hume yawned exasperatingly. "When you first told me about it I remembered that a Chinaman died in that place on a Monday, years ago, while rubbing at his tub. Naturally, then, it was his ghost. I had some experience with Chinese ghosts and, of course, knew that they were yellow, upon the same principle that a Caucasian's spirit is white. Therefore, the reason you did not see him was because he happened to exactly match the walls. The sounds you described only confirmed my theory. Very naturally his feet scuffed, because he wore felt sandals, the clanking was the noise of that old wringer, and the gibberish was no doubt very good Chinese. Therefore I had the room white-washed, and the ghost became, to a certain extent, visible against that colorless background. I only charge \$10 in these rudimentary cases."

"You think you are very smart," said Fox. "You can sue me for it. If you can produce the ghost in court I will pay you your bill."

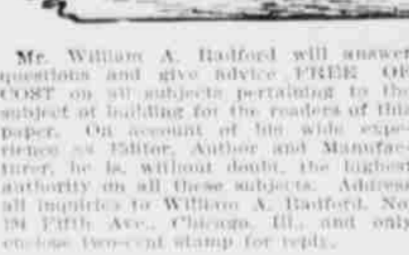
Then Hume departed, fuming. But Fox got to thinking about it, and the result was that he hunted up a live Chinaman, told him the story, and quoted some of the gibberish from memory. At once the laundryman's face grew intelligent. "Chinaman ghost asked for laundry," said he. "Muchee worry because no washee-washee."

And so, acting upon the hint, Fox equipped the laundry with soap and water, a new wringer and a basket of soiled linen, and now, on Monday nights, as he sits outside and smokes the wrong end of his cigar, from within there comes, not the sound of grief and the clank of rusty machinery, but instead a low, contented chant of Chinaman and the purr of a brand-new wringer. At the same time, he gets his laundry work done for nothing.

Plan to End Australia's Plague.
A novel plan is being experimented with in Australia with a view to ridding it of the rabbit plague. So far the plan is producing good results. A newspaper is placed at the mouth of the burrow, and the hole is then stopped with earth. The rabbits are said to be so frightened by the rustling of the paper that they will not approach the spot again, preferring to die in the burrow.

If a woman wants to retain any influence over a man she should refuse to marry him.

THE AMERICAN HOME



W. A. RADFORD
EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF CHARGE on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Builder, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 34 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

This is a new modification of the old cottage house idea that is being built in some sections of the middle west. The low roof with a wide projection gives the house a different finish, a sort of plain aristocratic neatness that everybody likes. The house may be built of wood, brick, cement or stone. It is often built of wood to the eaves and the gables plastered with cement mortar on metal lath. You can get five rooms in a cottage of this style and secure more comfort for the investment than you can get from a five-room two-story house and it looks well when nicely kept.

Generally speaking, cottages are now being built more than ever before, not that they are new, but because they may be cheaply built and because they are especially adapted to the suburbs and country places. The women seem to like a cottage house after they become accustomed to it, partly because it is easier to do the housework where the rooms are all on one floor, but at the same time there is less excuse to neglect things. We have all had the experience of going through a house unexpectedly when the down stairs was neat and clean enough, but upstairs presented a very disorderly appearance. Profuse apologies usually ac-

company such an excursion, but the fact is a woman puts off going upstairs to attend to the housework as long as possible. The rooms are out of sight so that there is not the same incentive to keep it looking nicely.

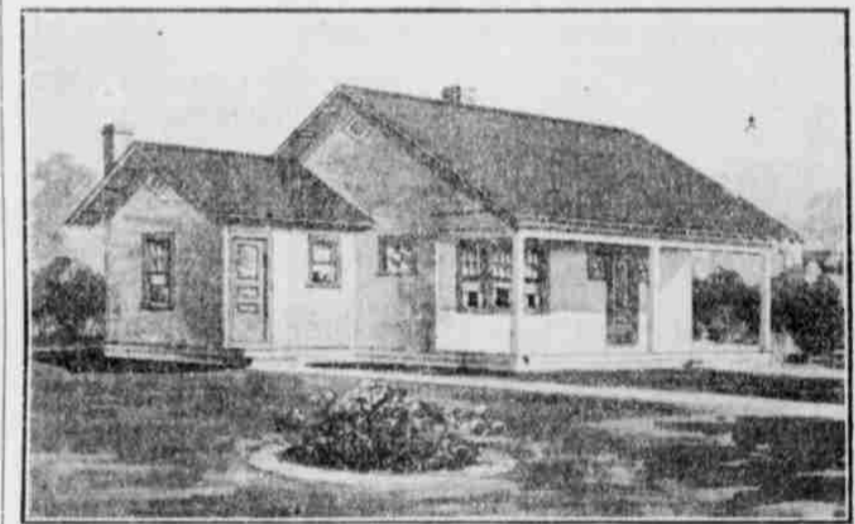
Such small cottage houses extend a strong invitation to American families to settle down and make a home. In cities the practice of living in rented apartments is so common that the home feeling is sacrificed for the questionable advantage of being near the center of the city. This has led to the habit of moving from house to house, or from one flat to another until moving may be almost characterized as a national mania. The members of a family soon get tired of a flat on a noisy street in the city and they move into another flat in the vain hope of finding something more comfortable.

You seldom find among such people the contented home sentiment that

WORDS THAT STRIKE HOME.
"How Long Since You Have Written to Mother?"

There is a sign in a little rescue mission out on Olive street where a number of young men devote their energies to helping the unfortunate.

Not long ago a tramp of the "down and out" variety strayed into the mission room. It was a cold night, the fire inside looked inviting. The



man had no money and the sight of sign caught his eye and it set him to thinking. Back in Ireland 17 years ago he had left his mother to come to America to make his fortune. But he had started wrong, and somehow after three or four letters had been exchanged he had ceased writing. The thought shocked him—the words on the wall struck home—and he made a resolve to do the "right thing" in the future.

When he had been "thawed out" he left the mission room, and shortly "touched" a sympathetic pedestrian for 15 cents. Then he bought paper and envelope and went "home" to a ten-cent lodger's house near by. That night he mailed the long-delayed letter to his mother, telling her he was going to "brace up" and asking for forgiveness for his neglect.

A month later a letter bearing a foreign postmark, but a handwriting that was not his mother's, arrived at the general delivery. Tearing open the envelope, the "hobo," who was a "hobo" no longer, found two letters. One was in his mother's hand. Eagerly he read the letter. She forgave him, it said. But the letter was unfinished. It ended abruptly in the middle of a sentence and bore no signature. Wondering, he picked up the other. Tearfully he read of his mother's death—and she died before she could finish the letter.

But she forgave him! And that thought is keeping him "straight."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

'Round the World 71 Times.
Capt. Herbert Edward Greenstreet, commander of the New Zealand Shipping Company's twin-screw passenger steamship Rimutaka, starts off this week on his seventy-second globe-encircling voyage. In the confident expectation that before he comes ashore for good he will have reeled off a century of such trips. Each voyage from London to New Zealand means 25,000 miles of steaming. Then there are from 1,600 to 2,000 miles on the New Zealand coast, so that each round trip really means from 26,000 to 27,000 miles. As the Rimutaka makes three voyages in 13 months, it will need another ten years or so of seafaring before Capt. Greenstreet completes his hundredth "round-the-world trip."—London Telegraph.

Impossible.
"Do you love your neighbor?" asked the good man who was endeavoring to show Bassford the way to heaven.
"I should say not! He keeps an unmuzzled dog and whistles the M. W. waltz."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Floor Plan

meant so much to the old-fashioned people we occasionally meet in country places where they have lived for a number of years. In a permanent home around which the true home sentiment has grown and developed while the children bided into youth and blossomed into young manhood and young womanhood. The divinest earthly heritage is a good comfortable home whether it be large or small; if it be well managed it is the only satisfactory way of living. What I particularly wish to see is more little homes like this, homes for the common people, the ones Abraham Lincoln said the Lord must love because he made so many of them.